

Coming, Education Week, December 4-10

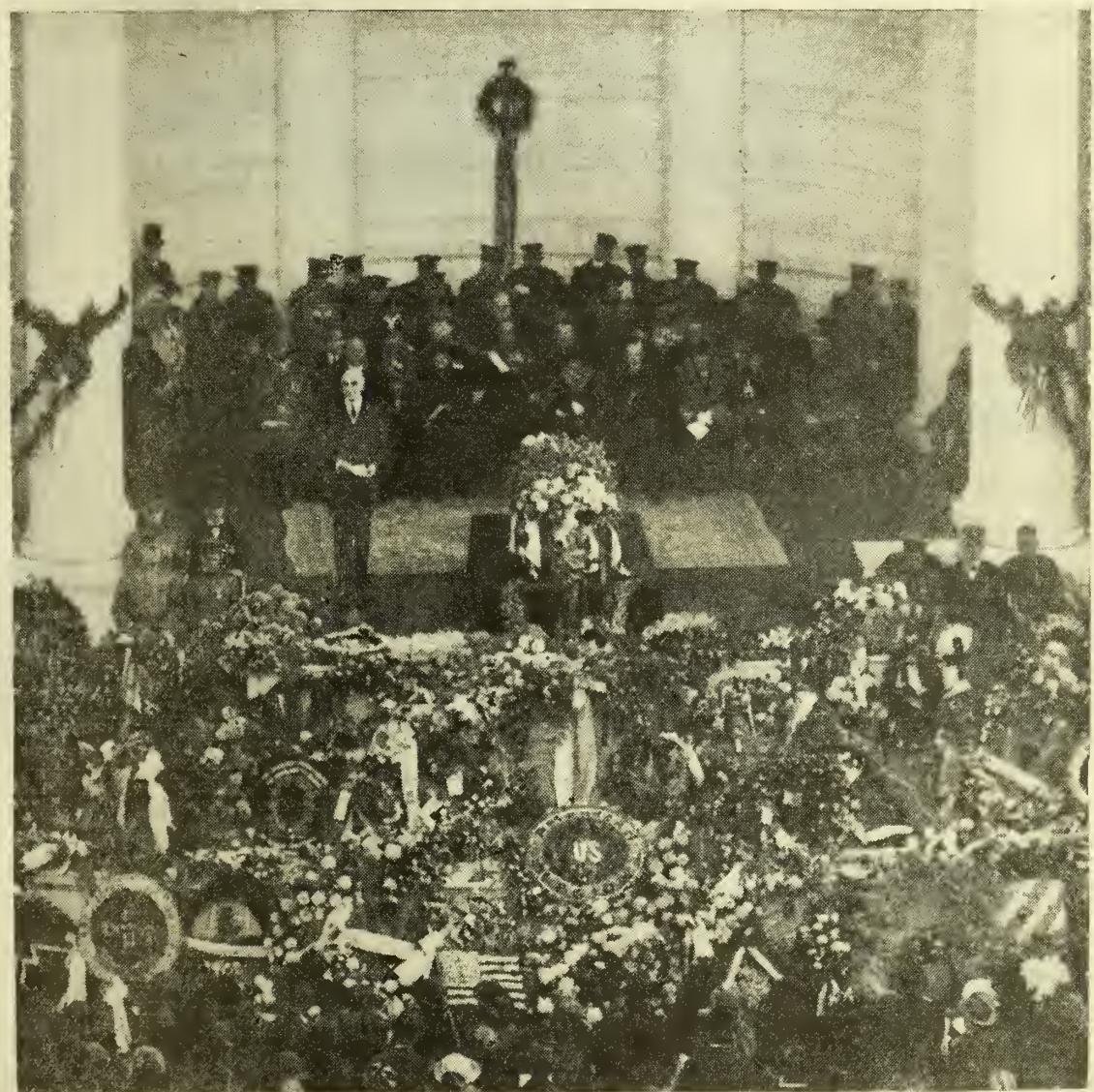
Vol. 3, No. 47

NOVEMBER 25, 1921

10c. a Copy

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

Published weekly at New York, N. Y. Entered as second class matter March 24, 1920, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879. Price \$2 the year. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized March 31, 1921.



"It Shall Not Be in Vain"

© Harris and Ewing

President Harding speaking at the ceremonies in honor of America's unknown soldier. Note the place of honor accorded the floral Legion emblem



The "lasts" can be first—

In the recent combat days it was pretty hard for an ordinary bimbo to horn in for "firsts." Competition was brisk. Rank was varied. Ambition had not made an exit with Caesar. Young Napoleons were straining at the leash.

The only occasions on which many of us basked in "firsts" was in poking the unwashed countenance through the puptent flaps on a frosty morning, all by ourselves.

The prize "firsts" ran about as follows: (pick your own order of importance).

First to fight, of course, heads the list like Abou-Ben-Adhem; then first to gaze on the old slum handout, first on the pay queue, first on the new clothes issue, first on furlough, first to break up a pay-day crap game.

Firsts not so popular were the first to face the French kids, first to get short-changed, first to manicure the new incinerator, first to grab a shovel on a digging detail, first to report a lost overcoat—

Verily, the struggle for firsts was not unlike the struggle for existence—and with the same result, the survival of the firsts.

Lo these many years have passed, and there is still a tide in the affairs of man, which, if taken at the flood, leads on to firsts.

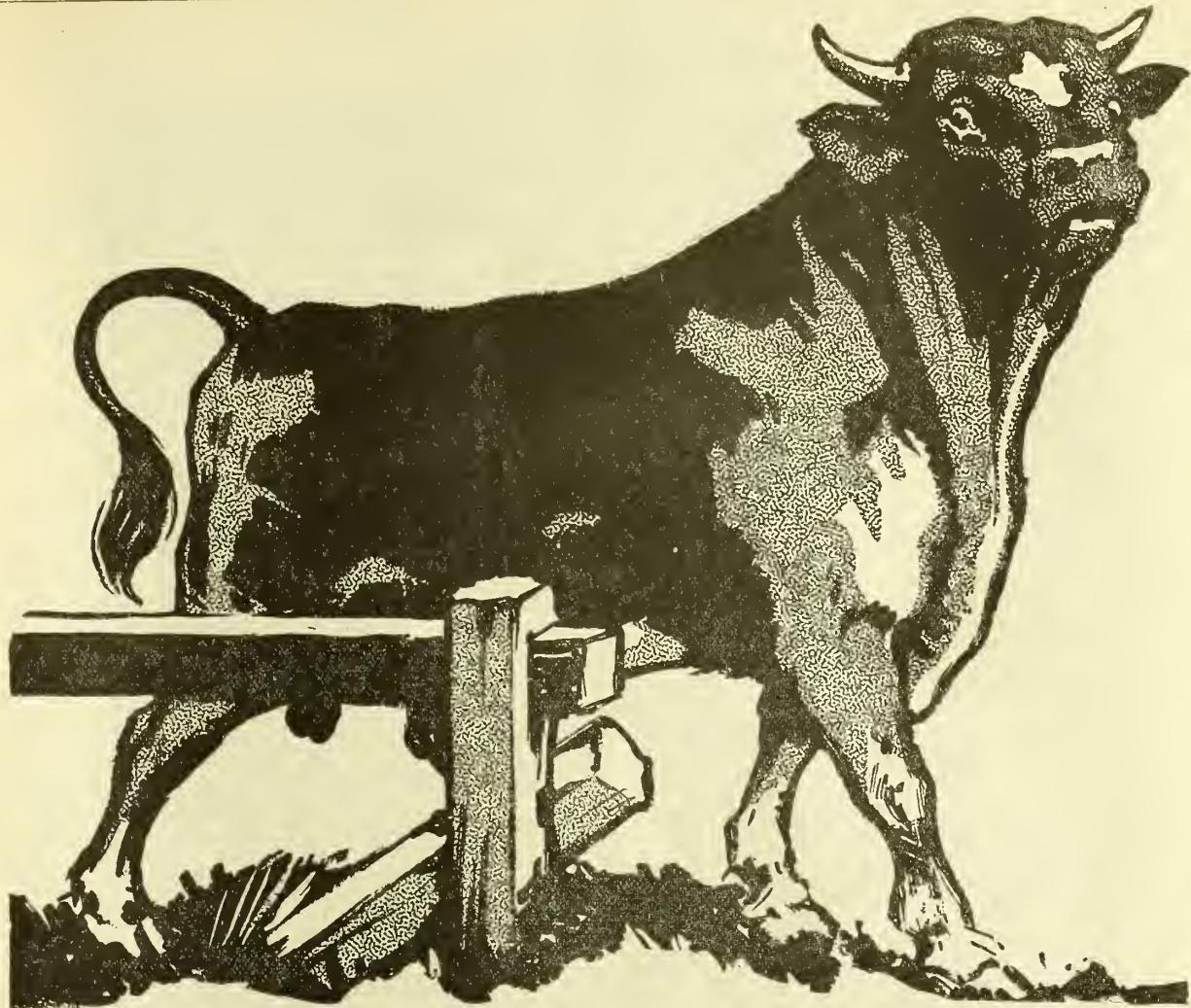
As the year slips on the down grade like a Colonel on inspection duty in a mess hall stepping on a potato peeling, as the old year is reared on the skids by Father Time, our Post dues become due.

They don't hit us as hard as the \$4.98 deducted for a lost blouse from our monthly stipend back in the days when supply sergeants were harder to interview than generals.

First to pay the old dues. We all know how important this little detail is—and what it means to the Legion and ourselves—

*Line forms on the right—
firsts open to all Legionnaires*

.....



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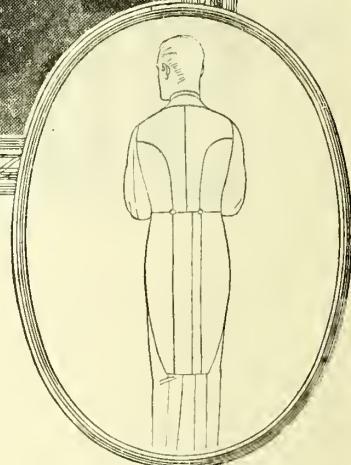
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NOVEMBER 25, 1921

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PAGE 5

Why I Am for Adjusted Compensation

One Disabled Man's View of the Theory of Playing Off the War's Invalids Against the Able-bodied Veteran

By Silver Button

THE prosperous-looking man with the fat neck who had just eaten a three-fifty meal in the diner ahead dropped into the smoking compartment and sat down heavily. He took from his pocket a cigar that cost fifty cents and lighted it with a satisfied air. Then he opened his paper and started to read. Suddenly he lowered it with an impatient snort and looked around. With an irritated gesture he spoke to the other two men in the car.

"Bonus!" he snorted. "Say, what do those fellows want, anyway? Bonus! Good Lord, they'll be wanting the earth itself next! Now, I believe in giving the disabled men whatever they need, do everything for them that is necessary—"

Here a little, insignificant man in the corner stood up. He wore a silver button in his coat lapel and he was smoking a hand-made cigarette. He had not eaten a three-fifty meal in the diner, either.

"Excuse me," he said, "excuse me, but did you ever do anything yourself for the disabled man?"

The other looked at him suddenly.

"Me? No, why should I? Haven't we got government agencies to do all that?"

Yes, and how they have attended to it only those of us who have had dealings with them from the start know. Follows the detailed summary of one disabled man's struggles with boards and doctors—struggles that unfortunately are only too typical. Follow also the reasons why the average disabled man gets a sudden pain when he hears, as he frequently does at present, the plight of the wounded veteran made an excuse for postponing adjusted compensation. For let it be said at the start that if the uninjured service man is strong for the measure, the disabled man is far more eager for it because in his case it almost invariably means the step from debt to financial independence.

Early in April, 1919, the writer was debarked at Newport News, Virginia, with a case of arrested tuberculosis due to an intimate acquaintance with German gas, and from there sent to the tuberculosis hospital otherwise known

as General Hospital 42, Spartanburg, South Carolina. Came then a treatment of three months of which the less said the better, and at the end of that time I was discharged with forty percent disability. The board attendant who made the examination told me that while my temporary disability was one hundred percent, the permanent disability was only rateable at forty percent. I took the forty percent and left gladly for home.

That is, the only home I have. Luckily for me, my wife owned a small old-fashioned house in the high country of northern Massachusetts. It is healthy country, and I figured that as we paid no rent we could struggle along

response by mid-August I wrote my Congressman. Five days later a letter came from him saying that my compensation had never been applied for and that apparently my letters had never been received. Blanks were enclosed which I faithfully filled out and sent trustingly along. I laugh as I look back on it now, but at the time it was no laughing matter.

Almost October, and still nothing doing, so again I wrote the Congressman. He replied, assuring me that he would look the matter up. In several days a letter came from the Bureau of War Risk Insurance telling me that to obtain compensation it would be necessary for me to present myself at the district office for examination. Note here that my letters must have been received; note also that it was over three months before I could get a reply from them. Three months is a long time to wait for an answer, even from a government office.

The next day I was examined by the district board. They were sympathetic but not helpful, and suggested that it would be necessary to go home and wait. This I did until the middle of October, when, needing money badly, and exasperated by conditions, I wrote a letter to Colonel Arthur Woods, at that time an assistant to the Secretary of War.

Most of my time then was spent writing letters. Nothing happened for a few days, and I had almost forgotten about the letter when a telegram came. It was a long telegram, and in it Colonel Woods remarked that he was ashamed of the treatment I had received and that he was taking steps to remedy the situation. A letter from him arrived some days later confirming the wire.

October faded away, and on the third of November a second letter arrived from him, asking if I had yet received satisfaction. I had received neither satisfaction nor compensation and wrote him to that effect. I was nervous, because our small capital was already exhausted and we had started selling our few Liberty Bonds—at eighty-five dollars apiece. It began to look bad when, as usual, my wife came to the rescue,

THE writer of this article is a veteran who came out of the war with a touch of tuberculosis directly traceable to German gas. He narrates the stages of his post-war battle with his own Government in an effort to secure what was due him, and emphasizes the fact that, if adjusted compensation will prove a benefit to the uninjured veteran, it will be nothing short of a godsend to the disabled man. Silver Button's account of his experiences gains in emphasis from the fact that his is not an extreme case, that he has not had squarely to face starvation, that a roof has been over his head ever since he stopped living in a foxhole. His case is thoroughly typical of the disabled man's resentment against the imputation that he is the obstacle in the path of adjusted compensation for all veterans.

through the summer with what I had on leaving the Army. The specialist I visited on my discharge impressed on me the seriousness of my condition and advised me to sleep, eat and live out of doors. I was to follow this regime for at least eight months, doing no work whatsoever. I obeyed these instructions, got lots of good wholesome food, thanks to my wife's cooking, and began to pick up at once. Then came Round Number One with the authorities at Washington.

I did not know what I do now, or I would never have imagined as I did that compensation would be mine in a month or more after I had written the Bureau of War Risk Insurance. This was on June 20, 1919. Nothing happened, to my surprise, so on July 25th I wrote again. Still no answer. Money was getting tighter, so when we got no

She suggested that while I was unable to do any work indoors or any heavy work outdoors I might do some corresponding for the newspapers. I was feeling stronger, and this work would keep me out of doors, so I wrote to three newspapers in a neighboring city outlining my case and asking for a chance. Two replied and one appointed me correspondent for the vicinity. It was only a matter of a few dollars a week, but it was a fixed income, and it was a start.

Early in December came the long-awaited letter from Washington. To be sure it contained no cash, but it stated that an award had been made to me of twenty-two dollars a month and that a check would be sent soon. Unfortunately this award was not made on the basis of my being married. I was therefore obliged to write them pointing out this fact, and explaining that I had furnished affidavits of my marriage in my original application.

Two weeks later a line came from the Bureau declaring that as I was married the finding in my case would have to be re-opened. This time, however, they acted with commendable promptitude, and before the end of the year wrote saying that my compensation had been increased by seven dollars and a half. Hard up as we were, it was amusing to have the wife rated as worth seven dollars and a half.

Nothing happened until the middle of January. We were getting badly in debt and things were not going well when the check arrived including all back compensation from date of discharge. It had taken six months to get it, but when we actually did get it we felt it was worth all the struggles it had taken. And early in February came word that by the provisions of the Wason Bill my compensation had been increased to forty-five dollars a month.

As my earning capacity was growing slowly but surely, this meant that we were just about able to struggle along with a few dollars a month saved. The checks came on time every month; living in the country in a khaki shirt was cheap, and altogether we felt encouraged when, at the end of the following June, we were only a few hundred dollars behind with chances good of being square with the world by winter.

Then came the next blow.

It was in the shape of a request from the board for a re-examination. Although I was feeling stronger all the time I knew my condition was practically unchanged, and I was unprepared for the verdict of the doctor in the district office, who told me that I was absolutely all right. This did not coincide with what the doctor who had been examining me at home every few months was saying, and I went to him the next day. He said that several years in the country living out of doors was not only essential but a necessity if I cared about living at all. I got him to write this out

and sent it on to my Congressman with a request that he try and arrange another examination for me. Then we spent several unpleasant days wondering how we were going to live, for forty-five dollars taken away from us meant half our income for the month gone.

I might say incidentally that I never asked this man for anything that he didn't come through. He may be a politician, but he is a man first of all, as more than one service man will testify to my knowledge. In three days a reply reached me saying that he would attempt to arrange another examination, and a few days afterward came a wire from Washington asking me to report for re-examination to the district board. I did so without delay, and was examined by another doctor who overthrew the report of the first one and advised me to continue living exactly as I had been doing. On the third of the next month came the award from the board granting me compensation at the old rate.

Until the following June—that is, June of 1921—nothing of moment happened. My physical and financial condition steadily improved. We paid off our debts, as the compensation came in regularly, and as my earning capacity grew we even put a small amount of money by. Then came the call for another examination, and again the district board doctor told me that while my condition was improving all the time it would be necessary to take care of myself for a year more at least. He warned me that while I was better, I was far from well, and that now was the time above all not to overdo. He seemed to think that the award would stand as it was, and I was therefore somewhat surprised when a month later a statement arrived from the Bureau with the information that my compensation had been cut down by half. That is, I was surprised until I learned that all governmental appropriations had been cut down and that economy was now the watchword.

It didn't matter as much as it would have done the year before. I was earning almost enough for us to live on and would probably increase my earnings regularly. But right on top of this

blow came our worst misfortune. The Adjusted Compensation Bill failed to pass. We were discouraged, for we had been counting on that to help us out, and we felt that even though our compensation dwindled away to nothing we could depend on adjusted compensation to enable us to start a family and live decently. The old house needed repairs badly. We wanted to install a furnace—for the past winters we had been living in two rooms with stoves in them. My wife longed for an electric washing machine as only a woman who does the family washing can long. She wanted a gas stove instead of the costly and old-fashioned kitchen range. These were a few of the things we had planned to do with our adjusted compensation. But—adjusted compensation is something the nation can't afford. Doesn't Secretary of the Treasury Mellon tell us so? I wonder if Secretary of the Treasury Mellon's wife does her own washing?

It was a blow at the time, but we said nothing until we read President Harding's speech.

"Everything for the disabled," he said in substance, "but no adjusted compensation."

Everything for the disabled! A fair sample of what that means has been already told. Actually not one citizen out of a hundred has done a single thing for the disabled man since the Armistice. The man who threw waste paper out of his office window on Armistice Day, who bought two Liberty Bonds and who loudly declared that nothing would be too good for the boys when they came home—this man has forgotten for three years that there ever was a war. So when he talks about the welfare of the disabled man it means nothing more to him than lots of other vague things, like disarmament or the Giants winning the series.

The writer knows, as does every disabled man, that if his position is improved it is because the Legion held a pistol to the head of Congress and forced it to pass certain measures. Since his return from France, the writer can count on the fingers of one hand the people who have helped him, and when his wife, his Congressman and his Legion post are excluded that about ends the list.

Remember that my experience is typical of what the disabled man has met with from the government agencies. Do you wonder that after several years' experiences of this sort the disabled man is pro-adjusted compensation? Do you realize that if it will be a help to the uninjured veteran, it will be a godsend, a life-saver in many cases, to the disabled man? Do you realize also why the disabled man snorts loud and long when he hears some citizen remark:

"Yeah, I believe in taking care of the disabled soldier all right, but I can't see why we should give the able-bodied man any bonus. We ought to look out for the injured first of all."



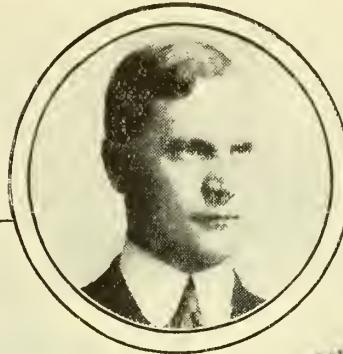
"Excuse me," he said, "Excuse me, but did you ever do anything yourself for the disabled man?"

A Little Gray Home in the North

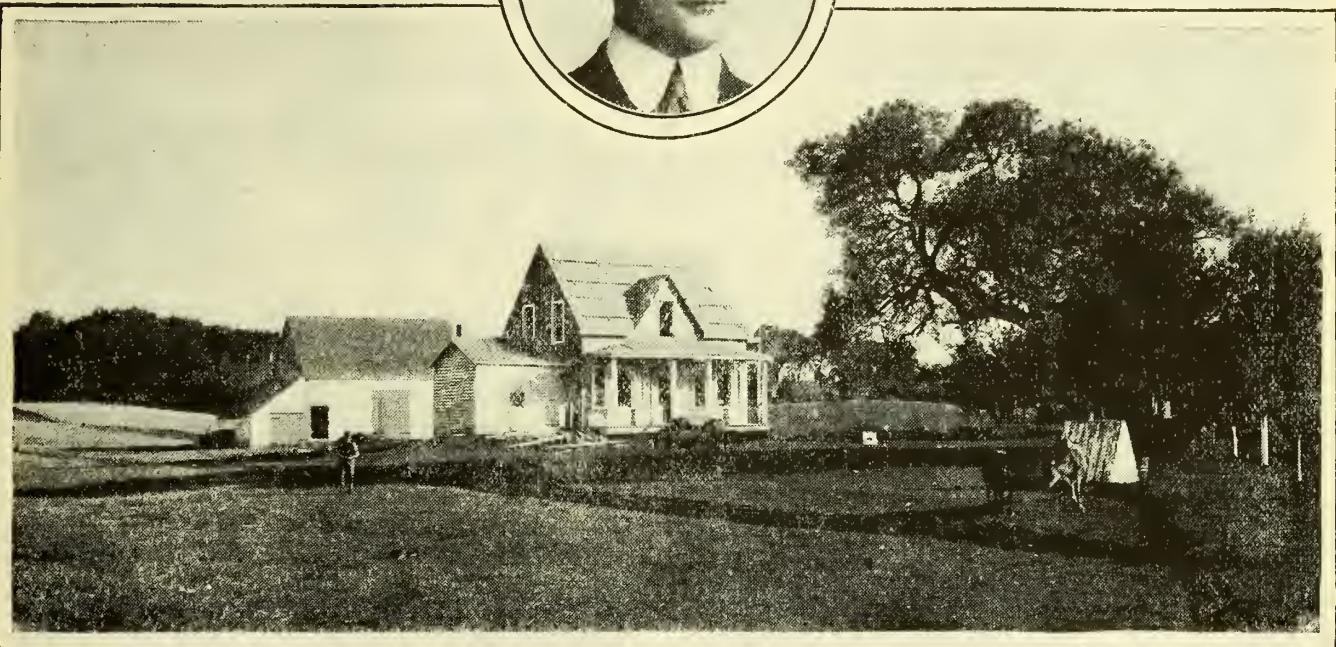
**How Canada is Providing
for Her Farmer Veterans**

By Major John Barnett

Chairman, Soldier Settlement Board of Canada



Not for sale : 42 acres of land, house, barn, flock of sheep, two cows, two horses, hogs. Inquire of William R. Dennis, Marshfield, Prince Edward Island, who being established on the land by Canada's Soldier Settlement Board, isn't worrying about unemployment or adjusted compensation. In the circle, Major Barnett



CANADA began the work of re-establishing her Army of half a million men before the Armistice was signed. As one of the great needs of the Dominion was the peopling of the vast empty spaces between the Great Lakes and the Rocky Mountains, the Government early outlined a plan to grant financial assistance to returned soldiers to enable them to settle on and develop free Dominion lands in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

During the winter and spring of 1917 many men who had been more than two years at the front and had received wounds or been otherwise incapacitated for further service in France were being sent home. Those who were fit to undertake civilian duties were given the opportunity of going on free Dominion lands, the Government reserving for soldier settlement all such lands within fifteen miles of any railway.

When the war ended and the rapid demobilization of many thousands of our overseas Army was taking place, the Government saw the need of widely extending the offer of assistance to returned men going on the land. An act was passed early in 1919 by which the Soldier Settlement Board was empowered to make advances of money up to \$7,500 for the purchase of agricultural land and the equipment of farms for soldier settlers in any province.

Practically the whole of Canada's Army was returned from overseas before the end of 1919. On December 31, 1919, there were remaining on strength of the Canadian Expeditionary Force in England two hundred officers and one thousand other ranks in hospitals

and employed in winding up the work of the C. E. F. Canada has returned from England since the Armistice, 268,440 and from Siberia 4,097 men of all ranks. Previous to the Armistice 65,600 men of all ranks had been returned, a total of 338,000 repatriated.

On March 31, 1921, the end of our fiscal year, the Soldier Settlement Board had received applications from 59,331 men. Of these we qualified 43,063; that is, they were tested by agriculturists in order to ascertain their fitness for farm work. More than 10,000 others were disqualified; 3,000 applications were held in abeyance and 651 men were taking training with farmers with the intention of going on and buying their own farms as soon as qualification certificates were issued.

Up to that time we paid subsistence allowances to men in training, amounting in the case of those having dependents to \$60 a month. Of the 43,063 men who qualified we have settled 25,443 on the land, and of these 19,771 have received loans amounting to \$80,371,750, the balance being men who were settled on free Dominion lands without financial assistance. The loans were granted for the following purposes:

To purchase land.....	\$14,405,542.61
To remove encumbrances.....	1,917,582.66
To erect permanent improvements	9,039,865.14
To purchase stock and equipment.	25,008,760.07

Total \$80,371,750.48

Before proceeding to explain the operations of the act and what precautions are taken to ensure that the right men are selected, it will, perhaps, be

interesting to point out here that a large percentage of those who have been established on farms are giving evidence that they will succeed. During the past winter, 12,361 settlers had reached the period when it was necessary for them to begin their repayments to the Board. At that time they owed the Board \$2,315,181. On the thirty-first of March 8,993 men, or 72 percent, had paid \$1,159,561, or 50 percent of the payments owing. In addition 1,146 settlers made part payment in advance, amounting to \$794,122. Considering the collapse of the markets for farm produce in the middle of the last threshing, it is felt that the showing made by these men has been excellent. No fewer than 329 men repaid their entire loans, although many of them had twenty-five years in which to do so.

There are, of course, settlers who already have shown their inability to carry on successfully. There are 1,470 of them. They are being carefully supervised, but 200 have been sold out completely by the Board and their farms turned over to other men who are more capable. In these sold-out cases there has been realized on resale more money than was originally invested in the farms.

Many instances of extraordinary progress made by soldier settlers have been recorded. I spent several weeks this summer investigating the progress of many of our settlers in the western provinces. I came in contact with many business and public men, and from conversations with them it is becoming increasingly manifest, especially

(Continued on page 15)

"Ici On Parle Français"

By A. B. Bernd

IT has always been a source of regret to me that one of the persons who read movie subtitles aloud was not at my elbow as the *Martha Washington* steamed into Brest harbor on a spring day of 1918. Had he been, one of the mysteries of France would have cleared away. For I am certain he could not have resisted the temptation to read, for all the world to hear, the single word which sprawled across the stone structure on the heights.

As it is, I shall probably go to my grave without having learned the proper pronunciation of that mystic combination of letters, "BYRRH." Thus far it has remained as great a puzzle as who won the war or where the liquor comes from.

The word is certainly no encouragement to one just gaining his rudiments in French.

"If the language has many tongue-twisters of that sort," he thinks, "I may as well shift to the Chinese front or go to fight the Esquimaux. I can pronounce and digest chop suey and blubber, but blamed if I can do one or the other for br-r-r-r-r-r."

The syllable came near shattering my prestige. Before landing in France I had gained some degree of notoriety as a master of the tongue. There had been a Y. M. C. A. course on this side the water, which awarded a diploma written in French I could not translate. To get this I had been examined by an army student interpreter along these lines:

"Où êtes-vous né?"

"Georgia."

"Vous connaissez Louisiana?"

"Oui. I have relatives there."

"That so? Where about?"

"Some in New Orleans. Some in Baton Rouge."

"I come from Baton Rouge. Say, are you any kin to the—"

Thereafter the examination was easy sailing. We continued an interesting conversation in our own God-given tongue. When the results of the test were announced, I ranked among the first three.

With so profound a knowledge of French, it was not unreasonable to suppose that my fellow soldiers should come to regard me as an unofficial company interpreter. This impression was immensely strengthened when, as we rested on the quai at Brest, I boldly entered conversation with a pinafored urchin by asking, "Parlez-vous français?"

When he answered "Oui," I managed to raise eyebrows, extend left hand in gesture of surprise, and counter with, "Vraiment?"

This conversation, being so complicated, served to establish me firmly in my new capacity. I was a made man.

But I had not foreseen washerwomen. Ernestine, who arrived to take our soiled linen, which was mostly cotton and a small part wool, overturned my vocabulary and put my diction to flight.

"What's the French for undershirt?" yelled Barry, in the midst of his laundry list.

I covered my ignorance beautifully.

"If you don't look it up for yourself, you'll never remember it," I cautioned. Only when we found that the word was among those missing from every dictionary in camp did my lack of knowledge come to the surface.

"Well, I guess the frogs don't wear 'em," Barry philosophized; and Ernestine promptly capsized his theory by calling the thing a tricot which, as any well-bred dictionary will tell you, means "a cudgel."

Difficulties increased.

"Why," asked Barry, who was always saying inappropriate things, "are all the French named Deedon?"

"They are not," we told him.

"All right, then," he answered, "listen. Before two minutes you'll hear Ernestine call that youngster Deedon, and two minutes later she'll be yelling it at the apple woman by the gate."

We listened, and found that Barry was as usual right. In an instant, Ernestine was calling to Marguerite: "Dis donc! Tu as—"

The rest of the sentence was lost in the clamor of explanation which surrounded Barry.

"Mon fils," Ernestine later told us, as she proudly displayed a miniature photograph of her son. "Il est marin."

To my untutored ears, there was only one possible meaning of the word marin. It had been drilled into me by countless newspaper and magazine articles in the States, which told of the system by which French women adopted soldiers chiefly for the purpose of cheering them and writing them letters. The adopter was the marraine, and the adoptee the filleul. The laundress intended to imply, then, that her son was a godmother.

It sounded unbelievable.

"Comment?" I asked.

"Il est marin."

"Non. Ce n'est pas possible. Il a marraine, pas il est marraine."

She volleyed forth a sentence of which I caught only vague mouthfuls intending to convey that I did not understand her. It was effrontery. I insisted that I did. It was only when I, still unconvinced, asked innocently, "Mais il a filleul?" that the light began to dawn. Then she carefully explained that her son was of masculine gender, that he worked aboard a vessel, that he sailed the ocean blue, and a thousand other details which suddenly awoke in me the hazy idea that marin was marin, and not marraine.

It was a bitter lesson to learn before those who had considered my acquaintance with French beyond correction; and it did not profit much. A few days later I was at it again.

A great building in Bordeaux had graven in the stone above its entrance, the single word "Athénée."

"Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?" I asked the old woman who was sweeping the corridors. "Athénée?"

"C'est pour la Société des Savants," she answered.

"Comment, madame? Savon?"

"Oui. Savants."

"What's it all about?" asked Barry.

"Some sort of Soap Society," I an-

swered, a bit uneasy. I did not understand the relation between cleanliness and the busts of Demosthenes and Cicero in the entrance hall. We let the incident pass; and three months later, when I read in *La France* that the Société des Savants was about to meet in the Athénée, the true meaning of that conversation suddenly came home.

Barry's greatest indignation with the French was caused by their constant habit of saying things backwards.

"Look," he would say, as he glanced rapidly down a menu card, "they can't say 'ham and eggs' like civilized folks. They have to put the eggs first. 'Oeufs au jambon!' They get everything wrong side around. Notice how they say 'messieurs et dames,' when they're about to make a speech? Call that polite?"

"And speaking backwards doesn't satisfy them. They have to do things the same way. When I went into the barber shop this afternoon and asked for a haircut and shave, blamed if the guy didn't shave me first and cut my hair afterwards! The good old U. S. A. for mine!"

He found solace, however, in French attempts to speak English. He had one experience with Lucienne at the Salle Franklin which comforted him for all his mistakes.

As a movie tear rolled down a close-up of Lillian Gish, Lucienne said:

"Look, she is wiping."

"No," said Barry with due solemnity, "she is weeping."

"Ah, yes."

And an instant later:

"Now she is weeping the tears away."

Barry decided that woman's patience is greater than man's, and he forthwith talked French only. He saved, as a souvenir more precious than helmets, a letter from her which contained the immortal paragraph:

"Then I will write to you that now I am very glad because I am going no longer at school since yesterday because the grippe is a catching disease. We must take care of yourself, isn't?"

He also rejoiced when a little Gascon stenographer took the first opportunity to translate machine à écrire as "engine-writer." Nor did he ever tire of telling how La Maison High Life was universally known as the "Ig Leaf."

But it was not until the war was over that Barry finally achieved his ultimate revenge for all the indignities of the Romance languages. He was off on leave at Cauterets, and the authorities had quartered him at the Hotel de la Paix.

At first he suffered in silence. He could bear the slight suspicion of the Favorite Seasoning which accompanied his roasts. He even withheld comment when his eggs bore the odor of the Herb. But when his fried potatoes were set before him steaming with the Savory Aroma, he burst forth with a sentence which passed forthwith into company history.

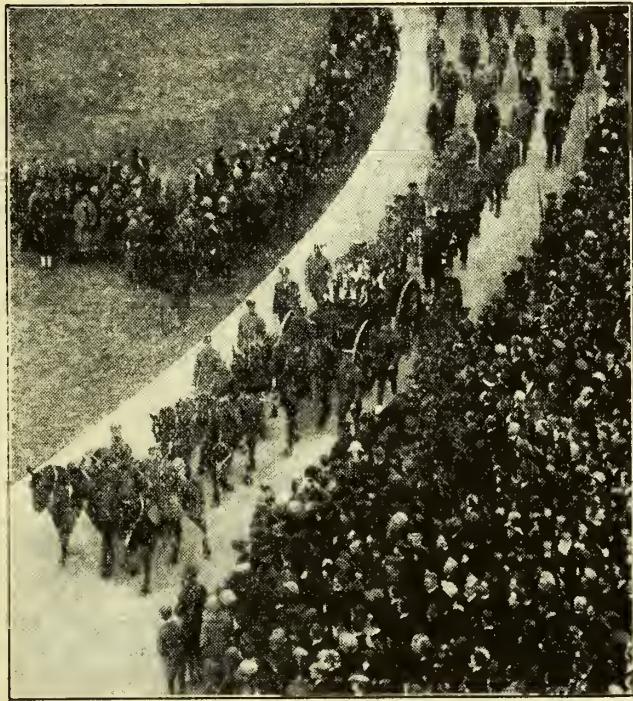
"That woman!" he announced loudly, as he glanced menacingly at the landlady. "She does not speak the Gallic tongue. She speaks the Garlic!"

Keeping Step with the Legion



(c) International

Bishop Brent, former senior chaplain of the A. E. F., reading the committal service at the grave of America's unknown soldier at Arlington National Cemetery on Armistice Day. Part of the Legion delegation occupies the immediate foreground, under the colors



(c) Harris and Ewing

The flag-draped caisson approaching the amphitheatre at Arlington for the final ceremonies



(c) International

President Harding, escorted by Secretary Weeks, placing the Congressional Medal of Honor on the coffin

THE spirit of The American Legion has this month dominated two great events in American history. One was the Legion's own national conclave in Kansas City. The second was the burial of America's unknown soldier in Arlington National Cemetery. The Legion's part in the latter of these events was nominally unofficial. Actually the Legion had a great deal to do

with it. It was a Legionnaire, Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr., of New York, who sponsored the bill to return the unknown to the homeland, and to him was accorded the privilege, shared only by an American and a British war mother and an Indian chief, of placing a final floral offering on the sarcophagus at the close of the burial service.

Within the marble circle of the amphitheatre, too, the Legion had an impressive, if mute, part in the ceremonies. The Legion delegation was the largest unit admitted—and perhaps three thousand persons watched from within while 100,000 kept silent vigil without—and the Legion's floral offering, a magnificent reproduction of the Legion insignia, occupied the place of honor directly under the flag-draped coffin—the

whole composition of the floral decorations, in fact, was keyed on the five-foot emblem. The night before, while the body still rested in the rotunda of the Capitol, that same emblem had stood conspicuously before it while thousands of men and women marched slowly past in dim files of homage.

The Legion, too, was a notable unit in the procession that accompanied the body from the Capitol to Arlington on Armistice morning—the largest unit, apart from the uniformed ranks that strode behind the caisson as a guard of honor. Eight hundred Legion men and women, flanking a striking group of American and Legion flags, were in that line, all in uniform, and with them marched four past and present National Commanders—Hanford MacNider, John G. Emery, Franklin D'Olier and Henry G. Lindsley. The Legion cohort included a large representation from the District of Columbia and one representative from each State, the allotment decreed by the War Department.

And those who were privileged to see the soldier's coffin laid finally in the earth chosen for it, directly in front of the amphitheatre, saw that only two flags were reared above the bared heads of the multitude—that only two flags clung loosely to their staffs in the motionless, mist-hung air of a noontide that was strikingly similar to the first noontide of silence in 1918 on the banks of the Meuse. One of those flags was the Stars and Stripes. The other was the standard of The American Legion.

The Part of the Legion in Education Week

THE windows of a certain one-room country school building were narrow and small. In time the old building was torn down and replaced by one of nine rooms, with so many, and such large, windows that it seemed to be made of glass—a centralized rural building to which pupils came in motor buses from many miles around. To the dedication of the new building came the alumni of the old—and most of them were wearing glasses. Their impaired sight was a testimonial to the ignorance and indifference of generations which never had grasped the relation between improper lighting and muscular eyestrain.

Have you ever noticed how they build the new schools today? All windows—not like the buildings of twenty or forty years ago, which seemed monuments to the untruth that glass was more costly than brick. But how many Legionnaires, how many adult Americans, are aware that teaching methods and courses of instruction have changed just as much as school architecture in recent years?

The National Americanism Commission of The American Legion some time ago decided that it would be well if Legionnaires and the public generally could be made to understand what is going on in the schools today. That is the idea behind Education Week. It

took up the question with the National Education Association, an organization composed of teachers and principals and superintendents in all parts of the country. A joint committee of the two organizations began working out details for American Education Week, December 4th to 10th.

Now the Legion, having promoted the idea of this week, naturally will have a large share in making it a success. The main purposes of the week are to inform the public of the accomplishments and needs of the public schools, and to secure the co-operation and support of the public in meeting those needs and in teaching and fostering Americanism. It is expected that the tax-payer will be especially interested in knowing how the money he pays is being spent, and people generally will want to know why better buildings are needed, why courses must be changed to meet the needs of the times and why teachers should be paid adequate salaries. The Legion is asked by the National Americanism Commission to take hold of the week's observance and make it a smash-bang success. We've adopted the celebration—if we can call it that—now let's put it across in the way we do everything we try.

There isn't much time left for arrangements. But many of these are already pretty well made in advance, for the National Education Association has sent outlines of the week's plans to all its members, and for most posts

(Continued on page 20)

Let's Go for Better Schools

AMERICAN Education Week will be observed throughout the United States, December 4th to 10th. It has been planned jointly by the National Education Association and The American Legion's National Americanism Commission. It is now up to us, up to the Legion, to see that it gets across. Every Legion post must do its part. There isn't much time left. We must work fast. We must work well. The public will judge us by the way we succeed.

The National Education Association has sent details of the plans for the week and suggested programs to all school superintendents, principals and most teachers. Every post, if it has not already done so, should immediately take steps to

get in touch with these educators in its community. A joint national committee of the Education Association and the Legion has also sent out invitations to local churches of all denominations, civic, fraternal and patriotic societies, Chambers of Commerce, Rotary and Kiwanis clubs and other organizations, to enlist their support for the week's program. Every Legion post should be in touch with these other organizations when the jump-off day comes.

In addition to the instructions sent by the National Education Association to school officials, here are the suggestions which the Americanism Commission gives to all posts for making arrangements:

Preliminary Arrangements

If yours is the only post in your community, the post commander should name a committee of not more than three men, all of whom are interested in patriotic and educational work. These three men should choose their own chairman. This committee should then wait upon the officers in their community of other organizations sympathetic to the cause of better education. These should include all school officials, pastors of churches, secretaries of Chambers of Commerce and similar organizations. The co-operation of these men and their

respective organizations in the observance of the week should be enlisted.

If there is more than one post in your community, each post commander should name one man to act with representatives of the other posts to form a committee to carry out arrangements.

Each local Legion organization should be prepared to furnish speakers to appear before meetings of civic bodies and before the school children during the week.

Suggestions for Programs

For School Meetings: Recitation of the pledge to America, as follows: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands; one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." Flag raising every morning by school children. Salute to the flag. Singing of the national anthem. Story on the making of the flag. Short talks on flag etiquette. Exercises on the signing of the Declaration of Independence; histories of Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Franklin, Adams and other characters in American history; important happenings in American history. Competitive essays

on American form of government, emphasizing individual's responsibility to community, State and nation. Singing in chorus of patriotic songs. Addresses by prominent citizens on value of education and patriotic subjects. Addresses by Legionnaires on lessons from the war.

For Civic Organizations: Addresses at meetings on such subjects as "The Value of an Educated Man," and "The Educated Man in America." Representative Legion speakers at noon-day luncheons of such clubs as the Rotary and Kiwanis.

Churches: Ask pastors to preach on Sunday, December 4th, a sermon on an edu-

cational, inspirational or a patriotic topic.

General: Request merchants to run inserts in their advertising calling attention to American Education Week and to make window displays in keeping with the week. Copy should be prepared by local committees for use in the news columns of local newspapers.

Important Note: Work in close harmony with the officials and teachers of the schools to help bring out all the needs of the schools—better buildings, adequate pay for instructors, proper equipment and courses of instruction. Remember that a publicity campaign is essential.

Thanksgiving Day

By Wallgren



EDITORIAL



Laws are to govern all alike—those opposed as well as those who favor them. I know no method to secure the repeal of bad or obnoxious laws so effective as their stringent execution.—*Ulysses Simpson Grant.*

Direct Action

THE assassin of the democratic Premier Hara of Japan, it was learned, was a youthful member of one of the famous old feudal families who have had little to do for the past two generations except watch the sun set on the traditions that kept Japan a despotism for ages. When Erzberger of Germany was slain in the same cowardly fashion a few months ago, all the evidence pointed to some member of the old aristocratic militaristic caste as the perpetrator of the act.

It is only two more cases of extremes meeting. The rabid radical and the rabid reactionary are both to be watched—and not to be trusted with knives or firearms. Let us be thankful that between them are the potent millions who are content to effect political changes by constitutional government.

The Sixteenth State

NO one in touch with public sentiment in this country was in doubt as to the outcome of the vote on adjusted compensation in Ohio. Everywhere the issue has been placed before the people their answer has been an unhesitatingly favorable one.

Ohio voted compensation by a majority of half a million. One reason the decision was so emphatic is that the voters knew the facts. The American Legion of Ohio saw to that. A well-planned campaign was efficiently carried out. Pamphlets presenting the Legion's arguments were issued, facts were presented through the press, both in the news columns and in advertisements arranged for by posts, and the case was placed directly before the people from the platform. Department Commander John R. McQuigg, for instance, addressed dozens of meetings and there were flying squads of speakers in every county. Not only Legionnaires but men without the Legion—business men, lawyers, bankers—spoke in halls and from automobiles. The pamphlets which were issued, incidentally, are worth the attention of posts in all states which are working for the accomplishment of the Federal compensation bill.

Ohio is the sixteenth state to decide that ex-service men are entitled to a financial adjustment. More food for thought at Washington.

Waking Up

CIvilian America has just discovered another World War hero. Efforts are being made at this writing to promote Sergeant Samuel Woodfill, who as a lieutenant in the 60th Infantry won the Congressional Medal of Honor, to the grade of captain.

Two years ago America discovered Sergeant Alvin C. York. The country's sudden awakening to the feat of Sergeant Woodfill bears a close parallel to the earlier case. In each instance the story of the soldier's prowess was unearthed through no effort of self-advertisement on the part of the soldier himself. In the case of Woodfill, Representative Woodruff, himself a veteran, has specifically stated on the floor of Congress: "By no word or act of his did he attempt to call the attention of his comrades to anything he had done himself."

The hundreds of thousands of veterans who do not wear the Congressional Medal of Honor rejoice in the tardy general

recognition awarded men who are already famous in the eyes of their buddies. More than fifty World War Medal of Honor men still live. Two have won universal acclamation. When the other two score and more have been recognized, when the thousands of wearers of the Distinguished Service Cross are acknowledged, when the public awakes to the fact that thirty thousand veterans are in hospitals and twenty times that number are out of jobs, we shall have less cause to bemoan the ingratitude of republics. If America chooses to recognize them one at a time—well, that's something.

Majority Rule, Not Gag Rule

AT the recent election the New York department of The American Legion worked aggressively for the passage of a civil service preference bill for veterans. During the pre-election campaign one New York City post took vociferous exception to the stand of the Legion. Among other things it issued statements which were printed in the newspapers. When the county council in which this post was represented decried the action of the dissenting post several newspapers (whose judgment may possibly have been influenced by their attitude toward the measure itself) lamented the efforts to impose what they variously described as gag rule and mob rule in the Legion.

The purpose of this editorial is not to comment upon the conduct of the post involved; that, under the Legion Constitution, is now purely a matter for the departmental organization. Its purpose is to call attention to the fact that the New York Legion's stand was determined at a department convention representative of the entire Legion of the State, and that, therefore, this is an instance neither of gag rule nor of mob rule, but of majority rule.

This incident is noteworthy inasmuch as it has had analogies in several other departments of the Legion. Swallowing your differences and abiding by the decision of the majority is what Past National Commander D'Olier once described as "playing ball with the gang."

The Better 'Ole

IF you were a sailor during the late era of deck-swabbing, you'll remember the Mast. Great institution, that, where you went voluntarily one morning to get liberty that night, and went involuntarily next morning to get fits for what you did with the liberty.

And now comes *The Tennessee Tar*, published by the U.S.S. *Tennessee*, to establish the Meritorious Mast, where sailors are hauled up and eulogized for work of great merit. The new Mast is harder to reach than the old Mast. Four years ago, all you had to do to rate the Mast was want liberty—or take it without asking. Or you could go to Mast for tying your neckerchief wrong, or for sleeping in with the idlers, or for lighting your own unofficial smoking lamp. Everybody hit the deck for Mast some time or other, except the captain's writer.

But now, according to *The Tennessee Tar*, you go to the Meritorious Mast by jumping overboard in the cold waters of Puget Sound, or the warmer, but shark-infested, waters of some southern port, to haul in a shipmate who's gone over the side without a stage, and without the preliminary precaution of learning to swim.

Ex-gobs everywhere will hail with acclaim the new Mast, but unless the Navy has changed mightily in the last few years the old Mast will retain a heavy share of patronage.



Now is the time when the profiteer, uneasy over the falling-off of business, wonders whether or not his fur coat will last until the next war.



The news that Lejeune's men were to ride the mail wagons to be sure they arrived at their destinations intact was received with cheer by detractors of the postal service. We can fancy one chronic kicker to the next: "How did you get your mail this morning?" and the reply, "With the help of God and a few Marines."

Echoes of "When the War Went West"

At the End of the Glass

WHAT was my memory of "11-11-11"? I quote from my private log of the U. S. S. *Beale*, Destroyer No. 40.

"November 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, Queenstown harbor. Now rumored that U-Boats were called in on 2nd. Armistice signed at 11 a.m., 11th November. Three cheers! Our work ended."

Well, I went above on the bridge, picked up a long glass, turned it westward and, far away at the other end, saw HOME!—T. P. H. BROWN, *Hornet's Nest Post, Charlotte, N. C.*

With the Canadians

THE last battle tour of my battalion—the 44th Battalion, 10th Brigade, Fourth Division Canadian Infantry—carried me into Valenciennes, Belgium.

About November 8th, word leaked through our Intelligence Department that the Germans were coming through our lines with a flag of truce. We knew then the war was over, and, when they did come, three days later, we were entirely prepared.

At 11 o'clock the morning of November 11, 1918, the inhabitants of Valenciennes and villages that were, formed an army of lifeless automata, hopeless, stunned! Men, women and children, with mask-like faces, would approach me, touch my uniform and sometimes squeeze my arm or silently press my hand and go their way without a word. There was no rejoicing, no outward signs of relief; they just "carried on."

The long toil-filled days and nights, the intense discomforts of winters in mud, the high-pressure tension of attacks, the witnessing of suffering almost unbearable borne with incredible patience, of bodies torn and mangled, of death despised and scorned, and of heroism whose recital will be lost to the ages to come because of its versatility, were all glossed over in the kaleidoscopic pictures which flashed before me. Four years of entralling, interesting, essential, human work finished, left France and Belgium very much in my thoughts, my memories and my life, and, for a short moment, home meant little beyond rest and recuperation to me.—BERT RUGH, *Commander, Hanford Post, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.*

In a German Prison Camp

WHAT was I doing on November 11, 1918? I'll never forget. I had just finished sixteen days *strengarrest* in the cooler of the German brig at Rastatt, Germany, said sixteen days being given for hitting toward the Swiss border A. W. O. L. from Fritz's rest camp. There had been considerable rumor of an armistice or something for several days, but on the BIG day, some of the buddies rallied around and raised Old Glory, right in front of our German guards.

Then we knew that the war was truly over. Our flag was made of Bull Durham and Lucky Strike sacks sewed onto an old shirt for a field. Believe

me, fellows, it gave us all a powerful thrill to see the Stars and Stripes floating again, in the heart of Germany, too.—O. BRANDT, *Ex-5 Co. G, 307th Inf., St. Paul, Minn.*

"The End of a Perfect Day"

ON November 10th, after having witnessed the fall of a Boche plane due to the accuracy of the anti-aircraft guns at Mount St. Michael, near Toul, I went back to Domgermain,



THREE were so many different situations in which the stroke of eleven on November 11, 1918, found the present readers of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY and so many interesting descriptions were received in reply to this magazine's request for letters on "Where the Armistice found me" for the Armistice Day issue that an additional instalment of replies is herewith presented

where the Eighty-fifth Division engineer detachment was quartered. All that night the big guns kept up a rumble and roar. The firing was so intense that it seemed as though the artillerymen thought if they had any shells left at eleven a.m. on November 11th they would have to carry them back with them and were taking no chances.

At 10:30 the roar ceased. An atmosphere of peace seemed to hover nigh. At eleven o'clock bells rang and whistles blew. Frogs cried "Fini la guerre," and everyone went wild and proceeded to do their bit in the attempt to turn France dry. At the "Y" hut that night there were "doings." After a prayer of thanks and a few remarks a girl from our own United States was introduced.

She was none other than our President's daughter—Margaret Wilson. As she lifted her voice in song we sat spellbound, perhaps not so much because we were listening to the President's daughter, but because the song she sang drove home a meaning and sent a chilly tingle up and down the spine. Her

song was "This Is the End of a Perfect Day." It was then I realized indeed that the war was over. Surely, "Memory has painted this perfect day With colors that never fade."

—CLAUDE HARDWICK, *Gen. George A. Custer Post, Battle Creek, Mich.*

Peace in a Base Hospital

ON the morning of November 11, 1918, I lay sick with the mumps in the base hospital at Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga. About dawn I was awakened by the pealing of bells. Just about the time I was fully awake a Red Cross nurse came into the ward and said, "Why, boys, aren't you cheering? The war's over!"

Then we learned that the bells were those in the city of Augusta. I felt extremely glad but could not help doubting news that seemed almost too good to be true. I was too weak to jump and frolic as many of the other men did, but it was one of the most blissful days of my life. I recall that late in the afternoon a car, beautifully decorated with American flags and filled with men and women, came by our ward and gave us a great greeting.

While I never got across and therefore my experience was small compared with that of the soldier who went over the top I am thankful for the victory and shall never forget the joy of November 11, 1918.—R. L. JAMES, *Russellville, Ala.*

The Subchasers and 11-11-11

WE came into port late in the afternoon of November 10th after a five-day pitch-and-toss battle with the briny deep in an effort to search out the Hun. On the morning of the 11th all hands "turned to" to open up the ship and dry her out, when suddenly a yell went across the deck, "There's an All-Chaser pennant up on the Leo!" All eyes instantly are fixed on the bridge of our old stick-in-the-mud mother ship Leonidas. Everybody prepares to read the one bit of semaphore we all could read at top speed, "Call for your mail." Suddenly a human fly appears on the bridge of the Leo waving arms and letting fly the message.

"Too fast for me," say a few of the blackgang. "I can't get it," says the cook and so on down the line go the alibis, when suddenly comes the choppy finish sign and a shriek goes over the deck: "Armistice signed at eleven o'clock." The big French fleet standing by in the harbor dressed ship. We did likewise but tried to make more noise about it—about as much noise as a chaser whistle can make. Of course, that is limited because we had to squeeze our airtanks considerably to remain in the whistling carnival with other ships. When all chaser airtanks ran dry, Captain "Juggy" Nelson called a dozen of the chasers into line for a parade.

We were located at Corfu, Greece, the isle of olive tree fame, surrounded by glittering mountains, sparkling white in the morning and glowing purple in the evening. When the news flew around that eventful morning we liked

(Continued on page 18)

BURSTS AND DUDS

Payment is made for original material suitable for this department. Unavailable manuscript will be returned only when accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope.

The Old Bus

Dear Old Bus:
Every time I hear the throaty roar
Of an engine overhead,
I get so hungry for you that—
Oh, gee, what's the use?

You'll never know the different times
I've thought of you.
Since that last flight we had together,
When you brought me back to Bellevue
'drome
Winged by a German tripe.

You weren't so much to boast about,
You lumbering, clumsy DH4!
And that red boss the sergeant made
And stuck before the prop,
Only made things worse;
But I thought you lovely.

Do you remember the silly number
I painted on your nose?
It meant so much to no one else but us.
And the chute I made and fastened by the
seat?
I was so proud we'd be the first to drop
A two-fifty pounder on some ammunition
dump.

What times we had, Old Bus,
When I rode you down a flowery bank of
mist
Or hedge-hopped home from Arras,
Or counted trains and barges
From nineteen thousand feet,
Or laughed like blazes at the traveling
circus 'way below!

I knew your every quiver,
When the engine spelt of discontent,
Or the rigging was askew, or tail adjust-
ment wrong.
We never stunted overmuch,
Because I wouldn't strain you for the
world,
I loved you just that much.

I have never known what became of you.
Perhaps you're just a mess of driftwood
piled somewhere,
For you're out of fashion by this time.
Anyway, I shrink to think
You might have burned to tinder in the
sky,
You darned Old Bus. —R. A. Curry.

Financial Stress

The fact that his supposedly adored big brother was returning home from college that day had been carefully concealed from ten-year-old Tommy until he came back from school.

"Tommy," said his mother, after her younger son had gone upstairs to wash his face and the elder had been concealed in the pantry, "I have a big surprise for you."

"I know what it is," replied Tommy unconcernedly. "Brother's back."

"Why, how did you guess that?"

"'Cause my bank won't rattle any more."

Spiteful

"You certainly have a wonderful constitution to be able to pull through such a serious illness, Mr. Gotrox," complimented the millionaire's high-priced specialist.

"It ain't my constitution at all," snarled Gotrox, looking around at his assembled relatives. "It's just plain orneriness."

Comprehensive Sentence

Little Marie's school-teacher uncle met her on the street and asked her if she were going to the picnic.

"No, I ain't," she replied.

"My dear," said the horrified pedant,



Scenario Writer: "I see our star is in deep thought. I wonder what's on her mind?"

Director: "Perhaps she is trying to think up some new wrinkles to get rid of the old ones."

"You should not say ain't. You must say, 'I am not going,'" and he proceeded to give her a little lesson in grammar.

"I am not going. You are not going. He is not going. We are not going. They are not going. Now can you say all that, Marie?"

"Sure," answered Marie with confidence. "There ain't nobody going."

Cold Welcome

A clergyman in a small town was deplored the fact that none of the couples that came in from the country to be married stopped at his house for the purpose.

"Well, brother," said the man addressed, "what can you expect with that big sign on the tree outside: 'Five Dollars Fine for Hitching Here'?"

Poor Man's Pride

So many men to whom the East Side missionary had given money had expressed a preference for a certain lodging house that he wondered what constituted its particular attraction.

"It makes us feel self-respecting," said the men, when questioned.

So far as the mission worker could see, it was the typical cheap lodging house, whose inducements to self-respect were not discernible to the ordinary eye. So he interviewed the manager.

"That's easy," replied the latter and pointed to a sign above the desk: "Gentlemen Are Requested to Leave Their Valuables with the Clerk."

Evils of Inconsistency

"Jones says he is either going to a place where it is winter all the time or summer all the time."

"What's the idea?"

"He says that by the time winter comes he is just getting so he can play good golf and then when summer is here again he is just striking his stride in poker."

Forestalled

"Now what shall we name the baby?" asked the professor's wife.

"Why," ejaculated the learned man in astonishment, "this species has been named for centuries. This is a primate mammal—'homo sapiens.'"

A Surprise Party

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Walter F. Schultz, a baby boy on August 22nd, at Gotha Thuringen, Germany. Word of this news was received here last week by his parents.—Cochrane (Wis.) Recorder.

Specific

More than once the editor of a Kansas paper had had occasion to send warnings of a forthcoming discharge to a certain country correspondent who persistently neglected to use names in his stories. That the warnings were not without effect was evidenced with the receipt of this dispatch:

"Yesterday afternoon a severe storm struck this place. Lightning struck a barbed-wire fence on the place of Hosea Gilkins, killing three cows, their names being Mary, Lulu and Harriet."

Food for Thought

A negro who had been run down by an automobile was rushed unconscious in an ambulance to the nearest hospital. As is the custom, an orderly proceeded to search the patient's pockets for some clew to his identity. In the midst of the process the victim came to life and sat up.

"Say, boss," he inquired, as the uniformed attendant went through one pocket after another, "is I in a lorpstipe or is I jes' back in de same old police station?"

The Modern Fourth

Here is a page from the diary of a boy of today:

"Today is the Fourth of July, once a glorious patriotic holiday. In the morning I took a bath and after dinner Pa told me stories about Abraham Lincoln. After supper I had to stay in while Ma read lessons from the Bible and then we all rose and sang 'The Star Spangled Banner.' Then I went to bed."

News to Her

Here's one they tell on a noted British suffragette, once in constant hot water with the authorities. The telephone rang one day while the lady was conferring with other leaders and the maid answered it.

"I wish to speak with Miss P.," said the voice at the other end of the wire.

"Will you please call up in half an hour?" replied the maid. "She will be at liberty then."

"How stupid of me!" gasped the voice. "I didn't know she had been arrested again!"

Fo' Misto' Snowball Johnsing!

SPORTING GOONS—Razor blades, 68 cents, worth \$1. Johnston & Tunich, 222 Fulton St.—Ad. in New York Evening Mail.

Social Error

"Say, Red," said Dead Shot Bill to a bartender in one of the thirteen leading speak-easies of Burnt Powder, Arizona, "didn't Shifty Pete tell you that he thought I had a hasty temper?"

"Why, no," replied Red, "not that I can remember."

"Too bad," said Bill, giving one of his holsters a hitch. "Then I've killed an innocent man."

Pop!

Wife: "Oh, John, look at this headline: '800 Reported Dead in Rhine Explosion!'"

Husband (fresh from the cellar): "What's that? Another secret ingredient discovered?"

A Little Gray Home in the North

(Continued from page 7)

ly in the newer pioneer districts, that soldier settlers, by reason of the Board's supervision of their operations, are showing the way to the ordinary civilian settler. In some of the newer districts where a great many returned men have taken up land, such as in the Peace River country, our settlers are regarded as the most progressive, the most capable and in every way the best farmers.

The worth of our supervision service is to be seen at its best in the Indian reserve community settlements, grazing reserves and Hudson Bay lands from which the Board took over large areas of uncultivated lands which had been lying practically idle. These reserves approximated 200,000 acres in extent. They were divided into farm units and disposed of by ballot to returned men at a price covering the cost of the land to the Government.

In less than fifteen months large areas of raw land have been brought under cultivation, and this year soldier settlers have in these settlements an average of more than fifty acres each of wheat, clean breast-high grain that in most cases will put the settlers on their feet. Several settlers have more than one hundred acres of such wheat crop.

On the Poorman's Reserve, formerly Indian, near Saskatoon, which was taken over last year by the Board and comprises about 8,320 acres, there are twenty-seven farm units averaging 308 acres each. The average price paid by the settler was \$11.25 an acre. Remarkable progress has been made on this reserve and a low estimate of the value of the land to these settlers today is \$25 an acre, which would mean that there has been an increase in land value alone of approximately \$4,000 per settler. The land was uncultivated, except for a few odd patches, when it was sold by the Indians to the Government.

Fifteen of the twenty-seven settlers broke some land last year, and twelve others only commenced operations this spring. There are 593 acres of wheat among the fifteen settlers who broke ground last year, or an average of forty acres each. The twenty-seven settlers have broken an average of forty-three acres each, or 1,152 acres altogether. All the settlers have buildings, and twenty percent of the land is under cultivation already. Similar results are being obtained on many of the other settlements which have recently come under this scheme.

The benefits of this legislation are open to men of good character who are physically fit and who have seen service out of the country of enlistment. They apply to ex-members of the C. E. F. and to Imperial or other Dominion forces or Allied forces who were ordinarily resident in Canada before the war; but Imperial or Dominion ex-soldiers who were not resident in Canada before the war are required to gain experience in Canadian farming methods by working on Canadian farms. All applicants must show that they have the necessary agricultural experience. If experience is lacking, they must gain such experience before they apply for the financial benefits. Canadians are required to pay down ten percent of the



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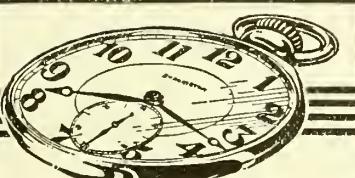
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cost price of the land and Imperials twenty percent of the cost of the land, livestock, buildings and equipment.

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After a man has been established the Board does not leave him to shift for himself. It maintains a staff of competent instructors or supervisors whose work it is to visit him from time to time and assist him in whatever way is needful to carry on his operations. This system of supervision is one of the strong features of our soldier settlement policy. No man need fail if he is possessed of the proper qualities and if care has been taken to put him on suitable land. The Board exercises the utmost caution with regard not only to the selection of land but in its appraisal of the men who are chosen. Our motto is, "The man must be fit to farm and the land must be fit to farm." It is not always possible, however, to size up with accuracy every individual, and mistakes are bound to be made; but on the whole, as results have proved, the selection of our settlers has been wisely made, and they have justified the confidence that has been reposed in them.

There are some other features of our work which may be summarized briefly as follows:

Home Branch officers visit the wives and other dependents of settlers, giving instruction in home economics. Through their efforts and with the co-operation of the Red Cross and Women's Associations, "outposts" or hospitals have been established in remote districts; short courses in domestic subjects have been held for female dependents at many convenient points and a great deal has been accomplished in the way of bringing comfort to the settlers' wives, many of whom are war brides and strangers in a strange land. The benefits bestowed by the splendid officers of this department are inestimable.

Soldier settlers receive the advantage of a considerable cut in prices of machinery, wagons, harness and other requirements. Through special arrangements with manufacturers the Board has effected a saving of close to a million dollars on the purchase of fourteen million dollars worth of machinery.

Reductions in price of land purchased for settlers aggregate more than three and a half million dollars.

Soldier settlers occupy an area of 4,854,799 acres, of which more than 2,000,000 acres was granted free in farms averaging 240 acres each.

Soldier settlers brought under cultivation for the first time, in 1920, nearly 200,000 acres; in 1921 more than 300,000 acres.

I have sketched briefly some of the main phases of our soldier land settlement work. Not all, however, of our repatriated men have been able to take advantage of this scheme. Of the 338,000, many resumed their former occu-

pations. There were, however, thousands of young men whose enlistment in the fight for liberty had closed their school life, and thousands of others had been interrupted in their apprenticeship in trade. Moreover there were others who, by reason of wounds, found themselves unable to continue their ordinary vocations on their discharge from the Army.

The Dominion Government undertook to train the disabled and the minors in vocational schools set up in all parts of the country under the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment. A total of 50,521 men were vocationally trained, and 108,061 were treated in hospitals. Unfortunately, a large number are still in hospitals. The Department placed in employment 109,493 men.

Pensions have been awarded to 110,702 men, the annual pensions in force at the present time being \$31,000,000. It may be remarked that the scale of pensions has been increased from time to time from 1914, when in the case of a totally disabled private soldier the Government paid \$264 a year, to the present time, when the same soldier receives \$900 a year with \$180 for the first child and additional amounts for subsequent children.

On discharge from the C. E. F. every man was paid a war service gratuity and post discharge pay amounting to six months' pay in case of an overseas man who had been three years in the Army. The total amount paid in war service gratuities was \$164,000,000.

The Government also made provision for the employment of returned men in the civil service, and the Civil Service Commission has employed 29,084 men, a large number of them in permanent positions. An Order-in-Council was passed requiring that in all competitive examinations, men who had been in active service overseas, irrespective of the marks obtained in examinations, should be placed on the list of successful candidates above all other candidates; and it was further provided that the age limit and physical requirements with respect to appointments to the civil service should not apply to a returned soldier, if the commission finds that he will be able to perform the duties of the office for a reasonable period.

More than 47,000 dependents of ex-service men were returned from overseas at Government expense.

An insurance act was passed extending to ex-service men the benefits of life insurance irrespective of the physical condition of the applicant, which means that medical examinations were dispensed with. This gives the man whose physical condition by reason of war service prevents him from obtaining life insurance an opportunity to protect his dependents. A considerable number of ex-service men have taken advantage of this provision.

These are in outline some of the provisions which are working to the advantage of our ex-soldiers.

Outfit Reunions

Owing to the time necessary to print this magazine, contributions for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

317TH FIELD SIGNAL BATTALION—Annual dinner and reunion at Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City, on evening of Nov. 26. For further information apply to Roselle B. Allport, 41 East 42nd st., New York City.

The Legion's Naval Policy

AMERICA'S salvation lies with America, and America's military and naval policies of the future cannot be left dependent upon the experiments and inventions of other countries. Thus briefly may be chronicled the official attitude of The American Legion toward our naval armament situation.

This policy was outlined by the outgoing Naval Affairs Committee of the Legion and endorsed at the Kansas City Convention. Although written months prior to the great international conference for the limitation of armaments and adopted nearly two weeks before any intimation of America's naval plans for the limitations conference had been made, most of its recommendations can be carried out in the face of any plans for diminution of armaments which have yet been broached. Barring total disarmament, the Legion has outlined a program which does not require the incessant competition in shipbuilding which the Washington conference was called to end, but states merely what existing means of defense seem necessary to America. Adequate protection was the keynote of recommendations accepted by the Convention, and in one respect at least, official consideration brought a solution of a moot question in the national administration of the Army and Navy; the Legion recorded itself as unconvinced that the first-line battleship has become obsolete through the development of aircraft. The naval affairs report itself constitutes a valuable addition to the mass of evidence produced in the great controversy of the Battleship versus the Airplane.

In the beginning, the Legion asks for consideration of the Navy as a strictly national instrument. Sectional disagreements are detrimental to efficiency, it is pointed out, and optimistic propaganda about the Navy in the face of inadequate preparation of the fleet is denounced. And then the report says:

"We believe that a surface fleet will always be a requisite for safety and that great speed for such vessels is a necessity. We learned nothing in the last war to indicate that any other branch of naval warfare can press home a victory on a nation which is in any way self-sustaining. We believe that great attention must be paid to the development of the under-water arm."

The Legion was especially convinced of this nation's backwardness in under-water learning. We have no efficient submarines, it was pointed out; we have no fleet submarines, while one country "with whose interests our affairs conflict, has been importing all kinds of machinery, not only for submarines, but for the manufacture of submarine engines."

Aviation still is in its infancy, the report affirms, and calls for great experimental and development activity in this branch of naval service. Encouragement for scientists, inventors and manufacturers of all kinds of aircraft is regarded as necessary, unless we are to be outclassed as a naval power.

Great stress is laid upon the necessity for encouragement of experimental work, and the significant phrase was inserted in the report that where we do not develop our own lighter-than-air craft, but rely on purchases from other

nations, the other nations "get the valuable experience and we pay the bills."

Personnel naturally is considered of high importance in the Legion's recommendations. The Regular Navy personnel, it is declared, must be kept high enough to man all first-line ships required for defense of our national policies, while the ratio between Reserves and Regulars must be maintained as a determinate, even if ever-varying, quantity, so that the combined personnel will man at war complement all serviceable ships and stations. Navy personnel should be paid as well as equally trained men in civil life. Economic changes should be recognized by regulation of pay for officers and men.

Training for the Reserve, which so recently received an apparently severe setback by the disenrollment of all but two classes, would be provided for at regular intervals, sufficient to maintain a high point of efficiency, and adequate to prevent training such highly necessary men as chief petty officers exclusively on land, or, as the report says, to make their sole experience a "hasty thumbing of the Bluejacket's Manual." The Reserve officer and enlisted man need sea service, based on the closest possible approximation of battle conditions, and need that stimulus of competition which is felt by Regulars, and which it is felt can best be inculcated by competition with Regulars.

The handling of America's Naval Reserve force the Legion would leave to a Naval Reserve officer—a man of high rank and of great experience, to be detailed permanently by the Secretary of the Navy. His appointment should be of sufficient duration to permit the establishment of a fixed policy, not subject to change from time to time at the whims of new department officials. His aides should also be Reserve officers, and he should have the advice of a board consisting of Reserves. This Reserve chief should be master also of sufficient Congressional appropriation to insure that his work will be well carried out.

The Legion further recorded itself in favor of establishing complete and sufficient naval bases on each coast, the bases to be distinct from industrial yards, and of purely military nature. Military bases, it was pointed out, should have ample dock space, storehouses, barracks and recreation and drill grounds. They should be supplemented on each coast with a secondary base, from which destroyers, submarines, aircraft, etc., may operate strategically. And to some base or other station every member of the Naval Reserve force should be instructed to report in the event of war.

This feature of preparedness is especially important to the Legion program. The dissemination of orders among Reserves in times of peace is a necessity which the Legion would not overlook. Neither would it overlook the necessity for giving merchant ships sealed orders to be opened in the event of war, and the obvious merits of a large merchant marine are pointed out with a reference to the statement of policy made by the late National Commander Frederick W. Galbraith, Jr., when he said, "Keep the Stars and Stripes on the Seven Seas."



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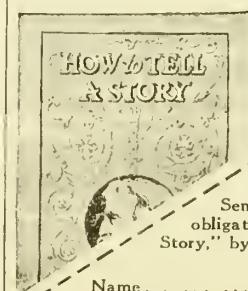
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November

By John Palmer Cumming

NOVEMBER finds you sittin' just thinkin' off an' on, A-fingerin' the trinkets of the memories that's gone, And names is just statistics as you study them alone And wonder who this feller was and where that feller's flown.

They're jotted down on papers and they're scribbled here an' there— Just faded recollections of the chaps that used to care, Of buddies that was with you when you flung your little fling When Paris was a heaven and the front 'most anything.

There ain't no faces fit them now, some fellers on the list; There's some that you've forgotten an' there's some you never missed, And now here comes November, and you stop and sit alone And wonder who some fellers was and where's the ones you've known.

Echoes of "When the War Went West"

(Continued from page 13)

ened the mountain peaks to a rugged skyline of Woolworth buildings and towering monuments. Ah! the thoughts of Home, Sweet Home. Everybody's home town was the best and in the meantime the auxiliary engines pumped more air, the chaser whistles tooted on and we sailed down the bay past the big French fleet, and out of the din of booming cannon could be heard the shouts of "Vive la France, Vive America!"—GERARD FERNANDEZ, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The 15-Year Old Sister

NOVEMBER 11, 1918. Will we ever forget it? Our brother, a member of the 102nd Field Signal Battalion, Twenty-seventh Division, was in France. We were more than anxious for the war to end and hoped he would come back to us. About four o'clock on the morning of November 11th, while we were all asleep, the bells began to ring.

Mother awoke, sat up in bed, and called, "Girls, peace has come!" My father, who is not easily excited, replied, "Huh! They have been ringing for an hour." My sister rushed to the window and began to cry, at the same time saying, "Oh, why didn't you tell us!"

I hurried to dress, jumped on my bicycle and rode downtown. Every one was much excited and overjoyed but feared it might be a false report like the one a few days before. However, I did my part in making a big noise, a queer way to show gladness.

I might add that I was fifteen years old at the time and my sister seventeen but our age didn't make any difference with our joy. Our brother came back the following April. We were glad he had served his country and thankful his life had been spared.—H. A. P., Canandaigua, N. Y.

The Silence of Eleven

THE following paragraph is copied from my diary, written several days after the Armistice:

"November 11, 1918, ten a.m., near Eix, Argonne-Woevre front. After having enjoyed our first real sleep in several nights and a warm breakfast the morning of the eleventh, we were preparing to return and relieve the infantry regiment, which had relieved us on the night of the 9th. Officers'

call sounded about ten a.m. and Lieutenant-Colonel Boadie read the official order that the Armistice had been signed and that firing would cease at eleven o'clock. The war was indeed over! I did not wait for more news, but hurried back to deliver the glad tidings to my men.

Pandemonium broke loose. Never will I forget the scenes that followed. Big, fearless men wept, while others stood in silence, scarcely able to believe. In a short time, however, excitement ran so high that it became necessary to place guards to keep order. Just on the tick of the watch, eleven o'clock, a stillness, oh, so awfully still, settled over the battle-torn hills. As the last shell from our artillery, just on the stroke, sang its doleful tune over No Man's Land and sank "somewhere" in Hunland, my thoughts for the first time in many days turned again home.

I saw a silent figure borne yonder by the first aid men as they slowly disappeared over the hill toward the little cemetery, and oh, how I wished that the news had come a day sooner! Thus the curtain fell in the greatest drama of history, and may its folds forever hide the carnage enacted therein.—CHARLES L. COGGIN, *Samuel C. Hart Post, Salisbury, N. C.*

When the Guns Ceased

WE were eleven—men of the Signall Platoons, Headquarters Company, operating with the Third Battalion, 355th Infantry. On the night of the 10th our battalion somehow left us at Luzy, near Stenay. The next morning, screened from the enemy by a heavy fog, we set out for brigade headquarters to learn the whereabouts of our comrades.

On the way, we met a Yank who said, "Well, boys, it's all over at eleven today."

"Don't feed us that old line." Armistice rumors had our patience worn to a point where mention of an armistice would almost provoke murder. But as we slouched along the alleged road, the doubtful news came again and again, and when an artilleryman said that orders were to cease firing at eleven, we grew more interested. At our destination, we, with others, wondered what a world without a war would be like.

Ten o'clock—artillery pounding away. Ten-thirty—still going. Ten-forty-five

"Yes, there'll be an armistice—like hell; listen at them guns!" Ten-fifty-eight—hell popping on both sides. ELEVEN! Ye gods! The awful silence! It seemed something had throttled all life and we were moving in a dead world. But it was only the dawn of the new life.

Historians say and will continue to say that all along the lines there was thunderous cheering. I did not hear a cheer, but some buddy turned to me with a new light in his eyes and almost whispered: "Say, when do you think we'll go home?"—JOHN H. GARRETT, Newell, So. Dak.

Tidings By Airplane

AS a member of the Rainbow Division Signal Battalion I found myself on the memorable day of November 11, 1918, in the town of Buzancy in the Argonne on the front facing Sedan. The week previous we had been stringing lines along the roads and rumors of the war's ending were very busy. We all took it as the same old bunk we were continually fed on.

Well, after arising at six a. m. on November 11th, we washed as usual, hung around the battered drug store—we were billeted at the town square—strung some more lines connecting with the Eightieth Division's headquarters and finished at eight a. m. The atmosphere was getting more and more wild with excitement over "fini la guerre." We were still getting rumors from the French wireless station in town, one of which said all firing would cease at 10:55 a. m.

While strutting across the square to our canteen for some eats I heard the roar of an airplane, which seemed to be flying lower than usual. This was at 10:45. I looked up at the plane, barely missing the house roofs when, all of a sudden, newspapers by the hundreds came flying down from it. Everybody came from all over to get them. I picked one up and this greeted my eyes in letters two inches high: THE WAR IS OVER. And then everybody was hugging everybody else, some crying, some just staring.—A. F. SCHAEF, Philadelphia.

It Lifted the Quarantine

WHERE was I on November 11, 1918? I was on the inside of the fence like so many other members of the Spruce Production Division who were stationed at Vancouver, Washington, and under quarantine for flu. I was very much a member of the S. P. D., and just a two-for-a-cent corporal of "the web-foot division that drilled in the rain."

Like others of my lot, after having been fooled by the first armistice report, I greatly doubted the truth of the second report. A colonel, a little, white-haired old man, finally broke the real news to us with, "Come on boys, let's go!" We went!

The first scene photographed on my memory was the mob, if I may refer to them as such, of officers, men and civilians that had collected, soldiers on one side of the fence, and civilians on the other. The next was a framed painting of a discharge and home. Just before mess that evening, the quarantine was lifted, and the result was a general break for the gates.—MILTON P. ATKINS, Sullivan, Ind.

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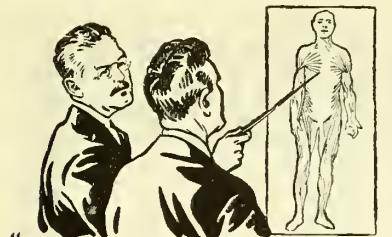
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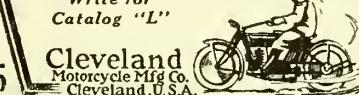
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Keeping Step With the Legion

(Continued from page 10)

it will simply be a matter of getting in touch with the school officials and mapping out the kind of a program best suited to the community's needs. The Legion will work with other organizations in putting across the better schools week—with Chambers of Commerce, churches, Rotary and Kiwanis clubs and other civic societies. Preliminary details of the week's observance and invitations to participate in the meetings have been sent to all these organizations. Posts now have the job of effecting liaison, of lining up not only with the school officials, but also with these outside organizations to obtain their participation.

Each Legion post is asked to name a committee of not more than three men to arrange for meetings in the schools and for the co-operation of the other organizations. Where there is more than one post in a town, a joint committee can be formed. The committee is expected to ask the mayor to issue a proclamation, to arrange for speakers, assist in preparation of programs for all the schools, invite parents of pupils and the public generally to attend the meetings in the schools and outside, plan publicity in the newspapers and on billboards, request pastors of churches to deliver sermons on the subject of education and to make all other arrangements to insure the successful observance of the week.

Every post committee, after consultation with the school officials, will find it easy to prepare a program in keeping with the needs of the schools in its town or city. The need of better buildings, libraries and equipment, playgrounds, longer school terms, vocational education, higher pay for teachers and understanding of the forms and principles of our Government are possible subjects for addresses at the public meetings attended by parents and taxpayers. In addition, the meetings in the schools should include the singing of patriotic songs, salutes to the flag, patriotic essay contests and short talks on American history and famous American characters.

* * * * *

WHILE we are waiting to learn just how successful is the clean-up drive which the Veterans Bureau has been conducting with the announced purpose of speeding-up the settlement of pending claims and bringing to light new claims, we ought not lose sight of the magnitude of the general hospitalization problem, which is still far from solution. Posts have been making great efforts to bring men with claims before the clean-up squads which are traveling from city to city, and the Legion has gained much knowledge by its recent experiences in this work.

In a short time we ought to be able to sum up all the factors of the situation and adjust our future plans accordingly. Meanwhile, we should continue to tell the general public how unfortunate has been the handling of the whole hospital problem since the Armistice. If people could only be made to realize how it has been bungled, Congress would be overwhelmed by the popular demand for a change in its policies. The formation of the Veterans Bureau is a beginning of the

needed changes, but a fair policy in the future must be based upon an honest acknowledgment of past mistakes.

How many people are aware that there are approximately 28,000 ex-service men in hospitals under government auspices today? How many know that 11,000 of these men have tuberculosis and 7,500 have nervous and mental ailments? There are 9,500 classified as general medical and surgical cases. Next year there will be an even greater number of men in hospitals.

Now, the average man may say that the fact that 28,000 men are being treated in hospitals indicates that the Government is doing the best that it can. But it is our duty to point out that the accommodations provided for these men are still deplorable. There has been a lot of talk about superfluous beds, more beds than are needed, and all that. The actual fact is that the Surgeon General of the Public Health Service has admitted that 10,000 of the beds now in use are unsatisfactory.

But the worst feature of the situation is that patients are still undergoing treatment in 800 contract hospitals. The Legion early pointed out and still contends that these should be abolished. Some of them are good, but at best the principle of the contract hospital is indefensible, for the primary purpose of these hospitals is to make money out of the ex-service men they care for.

The blame for all this attaches to Congress, past and present. Experts foresaw almost as soon as the war ended that the Government would need vast hospital properties to take care of those who had been wounded and those who had contracted ills in service, as well as

Legion Calendar

Education Week

Discussed in this department this week. All posts busy. The time is short.

Christmas

What are we going to do to make Christmas happy for the disabled men in hospitals and those shut in in their own homes? The last clause in the Legion's Constitution insures our remembrance of them.

Post Elections

Your post officials—are you getting the proper men in office? Election season is at hand.

Clean-up Campaign

The Legion must work every day until every veteran with a claim against the Government gets it settled.

Dues

The Third National Convention again fixed one dollar as the national per capita assessment. The 1922 departmental and national dues will soon be due, and every post should be ready to remit promptly.

Unemployment

Jobs for all ex-service men is the Legion's aim.

FRAME IT and SAVE IT

Just think how valuable your discharge papers, citation, or other War Documents will be ten to twenty years from now, how proud you will be to show them.

But if you don't take care of them you won't have them. We have frames to fit all discharges, both Army and Navy, in fact manufacture frames for any size picture or paper, in various styles to hang on the wall or stand on a table.

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PRO AND CON

Editorial Comment on the Activities of The American Legion

The American Legion deserves the respect of everyone. It is a commendable organization, working for a noble purpose. It is young, however, and must make mistakes. It should seek wise counsel, use tact and otherwise conduct its affairs as a big business is conducted. When, by working slowly, intelligently and consistently, it has established confidence in the hearts of the people, it will receive anything it desires.—*Lynn (Mass.) Item*.

With its jealous concern for the inviolability of this country's cherished institutions The American Legion combines in happy manner the functions of a great brotherhood banded together to keep green the memory of a common sacrifice and to keep ever within the reach of the stumbling or stricken ex-service man the helping hands of his comrades. It is the service man's chief spokesman when state and national legislatures frame measures for his relief. It extends emergency aid from its own slender resources when the government agencies prove tardy. And if death overtakes the weary ex-soldier penniless and far from home, and there is no one to befriend him on his last journey, it assumes the reverent duty of burying him in honored ground.—*Norfolk (Va.) Virginian Pilot*.

Instead of frittering away its energies over persons with whose opinions it does not happen to agree, The American Legion should concentrate on a demand that its buddies shall have the care this nation desires them to have and that those who, because of indifference, incompetence or inefficiency, are responsible for anything less shall get the punishment they deserve.—*Buffalo (N.Y.) Express*.

No doubt there will be times when the Legion will be beset from within and without by forces that will strive to convert its latent powers into political energy, and perhaps there will be times when these forces will seem to have overwhelmed those who ultimately will keep the organization free from that sort of thing, but any one who has faith in the young manhood of America must have faith in the Legion. For it is made up of the very rank and file of young men that made up our splendid fighting forces, and these young men surely average high enough to guarantee the stability and usefulness of their organization. Every young man who was in the war ought to join the Legion post of his own community and support it and help as best he may to make it the great power for good in his community and nation that it surely will become.—*Orange (N.J.) Advertiser*.

The American Legion is an organization which has a prima facie claim to the respect of the whole people. Its ideals and aims are of the highest order, and for the most part it has lived up to them. From time to time the hot-heads have tried to gain control but they have not succeeded. The ever-present danger is that the organization may be swung into the hands of men who would use it for personal or political ends.—*Boston Herald*.

The greater opportunity of The American Legion, and its more lasting work, can be found in the continuation and development of that Americanization, of which the rallying of the immense army, blending into a unified, fighting, patriotic citizenship the representatives of all races and creeds, was the type. An American Legion, dedicated to the defense of American institutions from the dangers that develop within our boundaries, would be fit successor to the American Army that faced and fought and conquered the foe that threatened from without.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

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That was always as much of a mystery in the army days as what was in the pudding. Far be it from any ordinary mortal to know the truth. Some claim the "greaseballs" were burdened with the task of making the bugler roll forth from his damp billet, but then there remains the mystery of who woke the cook.

Many a rook has gone abroad in search of the top kick's o.d. alarm clock. And in every kitchen was an old battered timepiece that had several stripes up.

In the cantonment days we knew no standard or daylight-saving, Eastern, Rocky Mountain, or any other time. When the old bugle started the sound waves across the stamping grounds, a man either had to move toward the assembly line or complain of cramps or sore feet.

The colonel's alarm clock was as regular as the statement from the supply sergeant, "I'm out of those sizes, Buddy."

So much for getting up in the morning in the by-gone days.

The question at this moment of going to press is "who's your bugler now?"

Do you ever heave the old gunboats at an alarm clock, sometimes annoying, but always necessary?

What make, and why should it be advertised in our Weekly?

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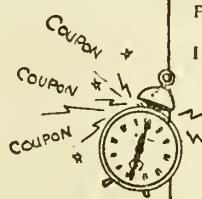
To-morrow comes every day, but the coupon only once a week.

Don't let the manufacturers pass the buck on the time of day.

Dealers and salesmen, we are anxious to hear from you.

Alarm-clock Al, rise and shine!

Time flies. The coupon remains as is unless decapitated and placed aboard the mail wagon. Don't get alarmed at it!



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..... Give name
Because.....

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Resolution passed unanimously at the Second National Convention of The American Legion.

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There is one way that these truths can be told; one way that you can share your experiences; one way that the thrill and exaltation of the war as you were thrilled and exalted, can be preserved and passed on: Not wholly, because

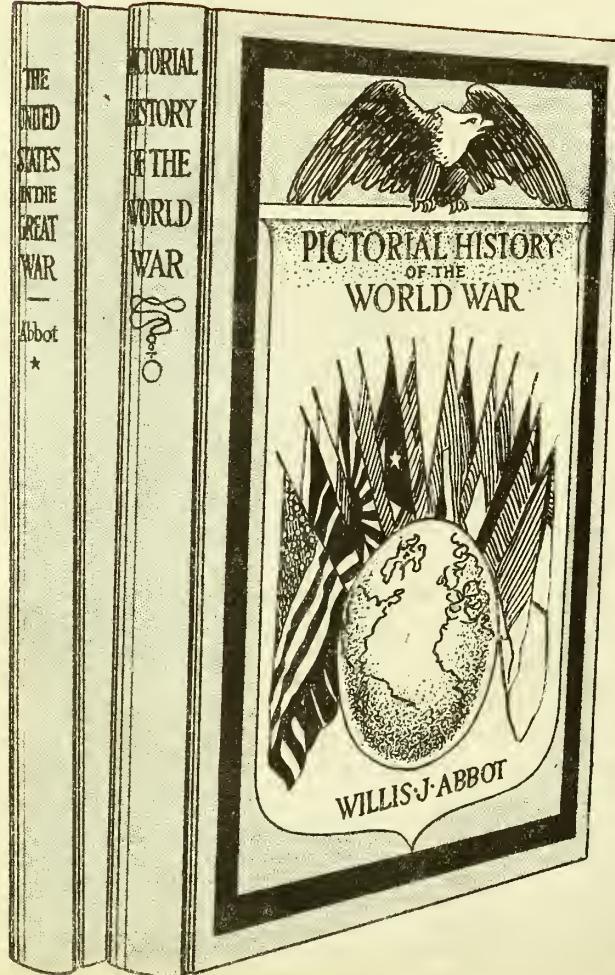
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The eye of the camera saw what you saw. Courageous photographers faced annihilation to secure the most stirring scenes ever taken by a lens. These are the realities—your realities. No matter what is said about the war; no matter what is said about ex-service men; no matter how much people praise or slander—the realities still remain. They must remain unchanged, and for that reason you need these wonderful graphic books to keep them unchanged.

This is the great year of revelations. How vital the truth is today. How fascinating the facts. *Now* is the time to get the living pictures. Every American home should have a set—but above all, every American ex-service man should have these books to help him keep his realities.

The Pictorial History of the World War and The United States in the Great War



are two handsome volumes which contain these actual scenes of battle. The fight scenes were taken right in the midst of the scrimmage. Courageous photographers, right there in the thick of roaring shell and spattering bullets faced complete destruction of self and camera to take many of these pictures. Nothing like it was ever attempted before. Think how interesting it would be if your grandfather, or granduncle who may have fought at Manassas, Gettysburg or Antietam could have secured actual photographs of these great battles. With what pride they would have been preserved—handed down as the greatest of family treasures. Photography hadn't developed at the time of the Civil War, to the extent that would have made such photographs possible. But you are more fortunate. You have such a record. Your own division, your own regiment, your own company, the actual faces of many of the readers of this magazine, perhaps *your own* face, will peep at you from these pages of clear, vivid photographs.

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At the writing of this notice orders are pouring in; the supply of these fascinating books is dwindling fast. But we are anxious to reach ex-service men while there are still a few books left, because your work made these books. They belong to you above all. Considering this we want to co-operate with you. Ex-service men and their families are now invited to see these marvelous pictorial books at a great saving. Sign up today for your volumes. If you don't think that these beautiful books which will be a permanent pleasure to you are worth much more than you pay return them to us, there are many people who want them, and when the present edition is gone we can not supply you at any price.

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